

THE THIRD

[4]

SATYR

OF

A. PERSIUS,

IN WAY OF A

DIALOGUE,

OR,

Dramatick INTERLUDE

BETWEEN THE

Serious, Careful TUTOR, and his In-
considerate Slothfull PUPIL.

Rendred Paraphraastically into *English*; and hum-
bly Recommended to the Serious Considera-
tion and Perusal, as well of all young Gentle-
men, as others of meaner Quality, whilst un-
der Tutelage and Inspection of PARENTS,
GOVERNOURS and TEACHERS.

By F. A.

Laudamus Monitores, sed odimus.

LONDON,

A. PERSII

Increpatio, &c.

Tut. **N**Empe hæc assidue? jam clarum mane Fe-

(nestra

Intrat, et angustas extendit lumine Rimas.

Stertimus, indomitum quod despumare Falernum

Sufficiat, quintâ dum Linea tangitur umbrâ:

En quid agis? siccas insana Canicula Messes

Jamdudum coquit, & patulâ pecus omne sub Ulmo est

Discip. ——— Verumne? itane? ocyus adfi-

Huc aliquis. Nemon? turgescit vitrea bilis:

Findor. ———

THE
THIRD SATYR
OF
A. PERSIUS, &c.

Tut. **S** Till the old wont !—For shame, rouse up,
(and see,
The blushing Morn upbraids thy Lethargie ;
The Sun thy Sloth bewrays, with his broad Light
Wid'ning the narrow Chinks to, *force* thy Sight.
We snore, till the fifth shadow clouds the Line,
enough t' evaporate the strongest Wine.
rouze up, for shame; the *Dog-star* long hath beat
Upon the parched Fields with raging heat :
The fainted Herds for shelter cool do hie
To the next bordering shady *Elm*, they spie.

Disc. But speak in earnest ;—is't indeed—so late ?
abominable Sluggard !——ô,——I hate—
his *Canker-worm* of precious Time, —Foul Sloth,
the Bane of Studies, and sound Manners both—

Tut. ——— *Ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.
Jam liber, & bicolor, positis Membrana Capillis,
Inque manus Chartæ, nodosque venit Arundo.*

*Tunc querimur, crassus Calamo quod pendeat humor,
Nigra quod infusa vanescat sepia lymphæ;
Dilutas querimur geminet quod fistula guttas.*

*O miser, inque dies ultra miser ! buccine rerum
Venimus ? at cur non potius, teneroque Columbo,
Et similis Regum pueris, pappare minutum
Pascis, & iratus Mammiæ lallare recusas ?*

But——is't indeed so late?—some-body then
 Come hither—quickly,—reach my Cloaths,—
 (why when !
 No body come !——O——I am split with Ire !—
 My Choler swells, my Eyes are all on Fire.

Tut. Some great *Arcadian* Beast Thus might you
 (hear,
 To yell, and bray, when hungry,—or through fear.
 After some Pause,—with much a-do,—at last,
 Comes me his Book in hand ;—and then in haste,
 His Paper with two-colour'd Parchment,—and,
 His knotty Reed are brought him at command.—
 Now we complain,—our Pen's stark naught;—and
 then,—
 Our Ink's too thick ;—it sticks upon the Pen :—
 Put water in't ;—and then—the *sepian* Juice
 Too white and washy writes,—and too profuse ;—
 Writes double,—blurs the Letters.—And still—
 thus,—
 Thinks by these idle shifts,—to baffle us. —
 ignoble—wretched Youth !—art come to this ?
 To *Melt* in Vice,——and *Love* to do amiss !
 Prethee, why dost not, like an unfledg'd Dove,
 Or tender Babe of some nice Madam, love
 Thy Mam should dandle thee upon her Lap,
 Feed thee with sweet-Meats, and soft sugar'd Pap ?
 Or n'angry with thy Teat, wriggle and cry,
 And kick and sprawl at her soft Lullaby ?

Discip. *An tali studeam Calamo?*—————

Tut.—————Cui verba? quid istas
Succinis Ambages?—————

—————Tibi luditur:—Effluis amens,
Contemnere.—————

—————sonat Vitium percussa, maligne,
Respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.

Udum & molle lutum es: nunc nunc properandus, &
(acris
Fingendus, sine fine, rota.—————

—————Sed rure paterno
Est tibi far modicum, purum, & sine labe Salinum.
Quid metuas? cultrixque foci secunda patella est.

Hoc satis?—an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmate quod Thusco ramum millesime ducis;
Censoreme tuum vel quod Trabeate salutas?

Discip. I pray, Sir, who can write with such a
(Quill?

Tut. And wilt thou with thy Shams be fooling
(still?

Alas ! whom dost thou mock ?——it is not me :
It is thy self thou mock'st,——and wilt not see.
Th'art like a crazed earthen Jar that leaks,
Which, when the Potter soundeth it, he breaks :
And so shalt *Thou* be scorn'd as *refuse* Stuff,
By all *Contemn'd*, and *vanish* in a *Snuff*.

Discourage thee I will not, for all that,
The way to manners good is ne'r too late.
Tet thou art soft,—moist Clay,—*now, now's* the time
To *mold* and *fashion* thee,——in *this* thy Prime.
Dare to be good ;——and *Vertue* be thy Guide ;
No way to daring Vertue is deny'd.
Now 'tis, or never, thou the moist Clay, must feel
Sound Discipline's effigiating Wheel.———

But, you will say,—I am my Father's Heir ;—
Born to a *Fair Estate* ; what need I care ?
I have besides rich Plate and Household-stuff,
In ready Cash what Heart can wish, enough.

And think'st thou this enough ?——wilt there—
(fore swell,
And burst thy Lungs——ambitiously to tell
That thou the thousandth of thy Pedigree
Dost fetch from *Thuscan* high Nobility :
And when thou meet'st *Rome's Censor* all in State,
Boldly cares him as thy Intimate ?

Away.

Ad populum Phaleras !—————

—————*Ego te intus & incute novi.*

*Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Natte ?
Sed stupet Hic vitio, & fibris increvit opimum
Pingue,*—————

—————*caret culpa, nescit quid perdat, & alto
Demersus, summâ rursus non bullit in undâ.*

*Magne Pater Divum, sævos punire Tyrannos
pena Haud aliâ ratione velis, cum dira libido
Damni. Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno.*

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.

*pena Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra Juveni,
sensus.*

*Aut magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
Purpureas subter cervices, terruit ; Imus,
Imus præcipites, quam si sibi dicat, & intus
Palleat infælix, quod proxima nesciat Uxor ?*

Away,—*fond Fool!*—go prance before the Rout,
In these thy *Trappings*, for the vulgar shout :
I know thy inside better,—nor can be
Deluded by thy *out-side Sophistry*.

Art not asham'd to live *thus* at the rate
Of *lewd confounded Natta?*—*Tet his Fate*
Yields *some Excuse*;—*He wants* a Sense within ;
Has no *restraint* upon him,——*not to sin*:——
He stands amaz'd in Vice,——nor can he tell
When he does ought amiss,—nor when 'tis well.
His Heart's so clos'd in Fat and Brawn, that he
Sins more of *Ignorance* than *Industry*.
He's gone,—he's sunk—down to the depth of *Vice* ;
From *whence* he ne'r again must hope to rise.

Great *Sovereign* of the Skies,—vouchsafe but thus
To scourge the *Pride* of Tyrants :———

—————For once———
Let them *behold fair Vertues Face* ; then *see* }
In *her* lost Grace, their lost Felicity,— } *pœna*
And then *turn pale*,—and *pine away*, and *dye*. } *damni.*

Ne'r did the *brazen*, hot *Sicilian Bull*— } *pœna*
Bellow his *Torments* from a *Throat* more full : } *sensus.*

Ne'r did the *Sword* hung by a *Horses hair*
Up in the vaulted golden Roof, *so scare*
The *proud crown'd—Flatterer* underneath,—and
(*make,*

With *Panick Fear*,—his every Limb to quake :
As when a Man—shall with amazement call }
Thus to himself ;—*I fall*,—*O—I do fall*—— }
Down *headlong*,—*headlong downwards*,—*past recall!* }

*Sape oculos, memini, tingebam parvus Olivo
Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
Discere, ab insano multum laudanda Magistro,*

Quæ Pater, adductis, sudans audiret, amicis.

*Jure etenim id summum; quid dexter senio ferret,
Scire erat in votis, damnosa Canicula quantum
Raderet; angustæ collo non fallier Orca.*

*Neu quis callidior —————
————— Buxum torquere flagello.*

Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores,

*Quæque docet sapiens, braccatis illita Medis
Porticus, insomnis quibus & detonsa Juventus
Invigilat, siliquis, & grandi pasta polentâ.*

And when the Wretch turns pale within, to tell
His near dear Wife the cause of what's befall.

But to return from this Digression
To th' matter I but now insisted on.

I well remember, when I was a Child
I'd noint my eyes with oyl,—so to beguile
My fond, kind Mother,—when I had no mind
To learn my book,—for fear 't should make me
(blind :

It made me thrug, that I must say the part
Of dying *Cato's* lofty words—by heart,
Before my Father and his Friends, which he
Sweating, brought with him to admire me.
'Twas then the top of my Ambition, how
To play at *Chefs*, or *Cock-all*,—or to throw
The lucky *Ams-ace*, or the winning *Sice* ;
What Cast would save, and what would win at
(Dice ;

Or else with Cherry-stones, or Nuts to play,
At *Chock*, half in, half out, to win the day ;
And for the Scourge-stick none more arch could be
To drive his Top with such dexterity.

Thus, when I was a Child, I childish things
Pursu'd, and such as little profit brings.
But *now* thou art not at *these* years to learn
'Twixt good and bad the difference, and discern
Vertue from Vice :—No ; thou art taught thy Lore
From the wise Porch, with picture all dawb'd ore,
Of Trouzed *M-des* ; where, in the Quest of Truth,
Th' industrious close-shorn Ascetick Youth,
Con-

*Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite Callem.*

Stertis adhuc?——

*——Laxumque caput, compage solutâ,
Oscitat hesternum, dissutis undique malis?*

Est aliquid, quò tendis?——

——Et in quod dirigis arcum?

*An passim sequeris corvos testâque, lutoque,
Securus quo pes ferat,——*

——atque extempore vivis?

*Helleborum frustra, cum jam cutis agra tumebit,
Poscentes videas,——venienti occurrите morbo.*

Et quid opus Cratèro magnos promittere Mentes?

Dis-

Contented with hard fare, and course b^h
(Caⁿ,

Early and late do o're their Studies wake ;
And, unto thee, the branched *Samian* Y
Points out the right-hand Path to Vertue high.

And art thou snoring still, as over-charg'd
With Wine and Surfet, crop-sick, undisgorg'd ?
Are thy Jaws faln ? and is thy Head grown slack,
Yawning, as thou wouldst make their Frame to
(crack ?

Haft in thine eye but any fixed end
At which thy Shaft to aim, and Bow to bend ?
Or dost thou rove at random here and there,
In chafe of Crows, not once regarding where
Thou tak'st thy steppings, thorough thick and
(thin ;
And but to live to day, to day begin ?

Now let me freely give my thoughts, what I
Do read, will prove, in fine, thy destiny.
Th'art well (thou think'st) in health, alas, poor
(Sot !

Thou art diseas'd, and sick, and know'st it not.
When a Disease is creeping on, be sure
In time to meet with't, and 'tis half the cure :
If once thy pale Hydropick skin do swell,
No Hellebore's enough to make thee well.
Delay a while, not all thy Golden Fee
Will do ; though *Graterus* thy Doctor be,
Not *Graterus* himself can cu-re thee.

Dis-

Learn

Disciteque, O miseri,—

—& causas cognoscite rerum,

Quid sumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur—

Quis datus,—

—ordo

—aut meta quam mollis flexus,—

—& unde:

Quis modus Argento,—

———quid fas optare; quid asper

Utile nummus habet; patria, charisque propinquis

Quantum largiri deceat:———

———quem te Deus esse

Jussit, & humanâ quâ parte locatus es in re.

Disce:———

——Nec invid eas, quod multa fidelia putet
In locuplete penu,—

——defensis pinguibus umbris,

Et piper, & Pernæ Marfi monumenta Clientis;
Mænæque quod primâ nondum defecerit Orcâ.

Hei

Learn then, unhappy Youth, betimes to know
 The Cauſer of all Cauſes here below.
 Next under him, with Loyalty and Fear
 Thy Sovereign Lord the King love and revere.
 Learn what we are,—and to what end we live;
 T' our ſelves, or him who life to us did give?
 Next, in what order learn to ſteer thy Courſe,
 Nor circumvented be by Fraud or Force,
 Till thou haſt gain'd the wiſhed Goal;—and then
 With nimble Turn ſmoothly wheel off agen.
 Let not the tempting Bait of Riches hold
 Thee baſely fetter'd in a Chain of Gold.
 Learn what 'tis fit to aſk in Prayer, and ſo
 The lawful uſe of Money thou ſhalt know;
 How much on thy lov'd Country to expend,
 What on thy ſelf, thy Kinsfolk and thy Friend;
 Whether a Prince or Peaſant, learn with Art
 In this Life's Play wiſely to act thy part;
 A due *Decorum* keep in that degree
 The provident,—wiſe—God hath placed thee.
 Learn well theſe practick Points, by Heart,
 (and ſo,
 Thou'lt bid Deſiance to thy deadly'ſt Foe.
 Thou wilt not Then envy the too great ſtore
 Of Preſents new ſent in, more after more,
 From the rich Umbrian Churl, and the fat *Mar-*
 (ſian Boor:
 Fat Ven'ſon, dry'd Neats-Tongue, Weſt-phaly-
 (Ham,
 Sturgeon, Anchove, with elſe what you can name,
 To greaſe the Lawyer, and to oyl his Tongue

*Heic, aliquis de gente hircosâ Centurionum
Dicat :———*

*Centurio.]——Quod sapio satis est mihi ;———
———non ego curo*

*Esse quod Arcefilas, arumnosique Solones :
Obstipo capite, & figentes lumine terram,
Murmura cum secum, & rabiosa silentia rodunt.
Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
Ægroti veteris meditantes Somnia :——Gigni
De Nihilo Nihil ;——in Nihilum Nil posse reverti.*

Hoc est, quod palles,—cur quis non prandeat hoc est ?

*His populus ridet ;——multùmque Torosa Juventus
Ingeminat tremulos, Naso Crispante, Cachinnos.*

Ægrotus.]

But after all my Counsel to thee lay'd,
Still I mistake the man, I am afraid.

Thou'lt say, (it's like) as the bold man of War,
Some Huffing, Rough-Centurion-Swaggerer :

Centurio.] What tell you me of these things ?

(What care I

A F—ig for all your Crab-Philosophy ?

I've Wit enough, I trow, to serve my turn,
Fore I'd be such as you describe, I'd burn.

I value not your whining *Solons*,—I

Your dull *Arcefil*—Asses all despise,

Observe their Posture just,—and then refrain,

If possible, from laughing—out amain.

Like Mad-men (as they are) their Necks awry,

Down lowting on the ground,—with fixed eye ;

Poyning, on Lips outstretch'd, each Syllable,

And, in a buzzing tone, scarce audible,

Champing, and muttering softly, to themselves,

The Dreams of old—sick—men,—and Frantick

(Spells :

That out of Nothing, Nothing e're began,

And into Nothing, Nothing returns again.

Is This it —makes them look so pale ?—Is't this,

Their Dinners they so oft on purpose miss ?

How scorn'd these Fellows are, about the Town,

To see, and hear, is richly worth a Crown.

The People flout them ;—And our Gallants,—they, }

Crisping their Noses, in Ironick way, }

Deride them with a Trembling Ha-ha-he. }

Ægrotus.] *Inspice; nescio quid trepidat mihi Pec-*
(tus, & agris)
Faucibus exsuperat gravis halitus;—Inspice sodes,
Qui dicit Medico,——

——*Jussus requiescere,*——

——*Postquam*
Tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,

De majore domo, modicè sitiente lagenâ,
Lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.

Medicus.

Tut. Well,—be it so ;—But let them laugh
(that win ;

These little know the danger they are in :
But—do not *Thou* scorn Learning,—lest thy Fall,
With such as These,—prove sadly Tragical.
I told thee once, (if thou hast not forgot)
Thou wast Diseas'd and Sick,—and knew'st it not :
What more I have to tell thee—well attend ;
Wisely apply it to a better End.

Egrot.] One in a Fever, once to's Doctor said,
Pray, good Sir, feel my Pulse : I am afraid,
All is not as it should be ; good Sir, see,
My Throbbing Heart beats at a *strange* degree ;
And my sick Jaws a fulsome stench exhale
From my parch'd Entrails, though my Skin look
(pale.

The Doctor try'd the utmost of his Skill
On this his Patient,—charg'd him to be still,
And to keep in five or six dayes at least ;
By then, he hop'd the danger would be past.

Soon as he finds himself in better plight,
His Veins in order flow, his Pulse beat right,
His heat's abated,—Now, on the third Night,
Nothing would serve him, but he needs must send
His Man, Post-haste, to such a wealthy Friend,
To send him of his mild *Surrentine* Wine,
A full Quart Flagon, that was Brisk and Fine :
This soon quaff'd off,—away to Bath goes he,
Where, in the nick, his Doctor chanc'd to be.

Medicus.] *Heus bone, tu palles.*—————

Ægrotus.—————*Nihil est.*—————

Medicus.] —————*Videas tamen istud ?*
Quicquid id est. Surgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.

Ægrot.] *At tu deterius palles :—Ne sis mihi Tutor :*
Jampridem hunc sepeli ; tu restas.—————

Medicus.] —————*Perge, tacebo.*

Tut.] *Turgidus hic Epulis, atque albo ventre—*

—————*Lavatur.*

Gutturè sulfureas lentè exhalante Mephites.
Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque tridentem
Excutit è manibus.—————

The Honest good Physician startled was,
To see his Patient there,—in such a case.

Medicus.] D'y' hear, good Sir, —Why you
(look wonderous pale,

Ægrotus.] Phugh,—Sir,—That's *nothing*,—no,—
(*I nothing* aile.

Med. Yet pray, look to't, *that Nothing* do not
(*tend*

To *Something* you'll repent of in the End :
Your Life lies on't, to me 'tis plain enough ;
Your Sallow tawny Skin begins to huff.

Ægrot.] But you look paler, to a worse degree, }
Pray, good Sir, be not Tutor unto me : }
I come not here thus to affronted be. }

I've follow'd one already to his Grave ;
Next turn is Yours, good Tutor, mine to have.

Med.] Nay, If indeed upon these *Points* you go,
Then,—Take your Course ;—I'll say no more
(but so.

Tut. Now—Gentle Sir,—Observe in this your
(*Plea*

For such young Gallants the Catastrophe.

He, and his pale-white Belly,—strutting out,
And cramm'd with Belly-Cheer up to the Throat,
Needs, after Supper, into Bath must go ;

And next the *Iliad* follows of his Woe.
Foul stench he breaths, with Exhalations raw,
In sowre Belchings, from a putrid Maw :

A Trembling seizes him, the while he stands
Drinking, and shakes the Bowl out of his hands ;

————— *Dentes Crepuere reiecti,
Unctæ cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.*

*Hinc Tuba, Candela; tandemque Beatulus ille
Compositus Lecto, Crassisque lutatus amomis,
In portam rigidos calces extendit :————*

————— *At illum
Hesterni, capite induto, subiære Quirites.*

*Discip.] Tange, miser, venas, & pone in pectore
(dextram.
Nil*

Through *parched Lips* (which were before a Screen
To h's Teeth)——his chattering Teeth are naked
(seen.

And then, through his laxe Jaws he vomits up
The greasie Morfels whereon he did Sup.

Next news we hear, our gallant Youth Reverse,
Laid out in state upon his pompous Herse,
Richly Embalm'd ; Extending tow'rds the Gate,
His Rigid Cold-stiff Heels ;—and (growing late)
Aloud the Trumpets an Alarum sound,
Whose Echo from the neighbouring Hills rebound.
The blazing Flambeaus counterfeited a Day ;
The Heraulds, marshalled along the way,
His high Aspirings ; and th' exalted Fame
Of his Renowned Ancestors proclaim ;
This done ;—his yesterdays new bond-freed-men,
Gay in their Bonnets, their dead Lord attend ;
Hoist up his Corps upon their backs,——and So,
Next way with him, to h's Funeral Pile they go.

——*Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

And here's the end of Him would not submit,
To h's Doctors Rules, for his own benefit !

Discip. What ! then (belike) this Story's lay'd
(to me ?

But, (filly Man) y'are out : for I am free
From all Distemper : Feel my Pulse, and try ;
My blood in every vein flows orderly ;

Nor

Nil calet hic ; —————

————— *Summosque pedes attinge, manusque ;*
Non frigent. —————

Tut. ————— *Visa est si fortè pecunia ;* ———

————— *Sive*
Candida Vicini subrisit molle puella ;

Cor tibi ritè salit ? ———

————— *Positum est argente Gatinâ*
Durum Olus, & populi Cribro decussa Farina ;

Ten-

Nor hands, nor feet affected are with Cold,
 But still one constant even Temper hold.
 No Flushing Heats, no Trembling of the Heart,
 But sound, both Wind and Limb, in every part.

Tut. All this may be, I grant ;—and still I say,
 Thou art Diseas'd, and Sick,——another way.
 Thy Body's but the Case ;——poor sorry Pelf !
 It is thy Soul, I mean thy better Self :
 Thy Soul,—that Particle Divine in Man !
 'Tis that is sick ;—deny it, if thou can.
 For,—let me ask thee :—Shouldst thou hap to spy
 New-minted Gold, a Bank, before thee lye ;
 No Eye upon thee, free Access unto't ;
 As free, and safe Retreat, suppose, to boot ;
 Would then thy Heart beat right ? So there's on
 (Vice,
 The lie Disease of Craving Avarice.

Again,—Should some deſt, lovely Girl, by
 (chance,
 An amorous dimpled Smile upon thee glance ;
 How would thy Feverish flushing heats discover
 The frail Diſtempers of a fond ſick Lover ?

Suppoſe again, ſome one ſhould bring to eat,
 In a cold Pan, ſome ſapleſs, raw cold Beet,

With

*Tentemus fauces : Tenero latet Ulcus in ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeiâ radere betâ.*

Alges, cum excussit membris Timor albus aristas,

*Nunc face suppositâ, fervescit Sanguis, & Ira
Scintillant Oculis : —————*

—————Dicisque

With course brown Bread, and Colewort for thy
 (Dinner,
 And tell thee :——These are Dainties for a Sin-
 (ner :
 Let's try thy Chaps :——Lo ! there's an Ulcer
 (grown,
 Too fore for such rough Beets to grate upon !

So thou that nothing ailedst, add to these
 A third, Soft Luxury, that She-Disease.

When a damp Aguish Fear strikes through thy
 (Heart,
 Sets thee all o're a shivering, every part ;
 And makes thy Hairs, in this amazing Fright,
 Like Beards of Corn, stiff, staring bolt-upright,
 Thou nor affected art with Heat, nor Cold,
 But dost one constant, even temper hold.

Look up, Man ! Fie !——What !——So *white*—
 (*liver'd art* ?
 Some Cordial Spirits fetch to chear his Heart !

Is *This He, nothing ailes* !——Behold a Vice,
 Transforms Men into Stone !——Base Cowardise !

And now the *Cold Fit's* over comes the *Hot*,
 Thy blood inflam'd, boils over like a Pot
 With brands put under ;—and with burning Ire
 Thy fierce, revengeful, sparkling Eyes dart Fire
 Tho

—Dicisque, facisque,—

—quod ipse,
Non sani esse hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.

Explicit *A. Persii Satyra*
Tertia.

Thou say'st and dost what Rage and Fury can
Force on thee in this boisterous Hurrican ;—

That *Bedlam-mad* Orestes now would Swear,
None, but one Bedlam-mad, would ever dare.

Here Ends the Third Satyr of
A. Persius.
